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LET US REASON TOGETHER.

The public school system is doing more than all agencies combined to raise wages; otherwise it is a flat failure. The children of the land are now being educated at the public expense. Every child now has the opportunity to get a common school education, and in some of the States education is compulsory. The children of this generation are being prepared for a higher life. They are learning something more than to read and to write and to cipher. They are acquiring tastes. Especial attention is being paid to aesthetic nature. Children are taught as far as possible to love music and pictures and all things that tend toward culture and refinement. But when the children are taught to love such things, when their desires for the comforts and luxuries of life are stimulated and encouraged; when they are taught that such desires are commendable; in short, when they are fitted for the higher life, we cannot expect them, after they have grown up, to be willing to live in a one-room hut, with none of the furnishings which they have been taught to admire and to love, and to live on coarse food.

But in order to have a comfortable home, furnished in good taste, they must have the means of renting such a home and furnishing it and maintaining it. Society is responsible for the public school system, and, therefore, for the instruction that is given, and, therefore, for the desires which are thus created, and society must pay the cost.

We hear a great deal about the selfishness of the age, about the greed of gain and all that, and we hear a great deal of foolishness on that subject. In point of fact, it is desire which stimulates a man to action. Without desire for education, nobody will study; without desire for food and raiment, and the comforts and luxuries of life, no man will work. The greater his desires, the more earnestly will he strive for the means to gratify them. This generation desires more than any generation which has preceded it, and under our system of public education the desires of the next generation will be greater still. But if education, which creates these desires and stimulates them, fails to fit men for work that will give them the means of gratifying their desires, it is a failure.

There is no sort of doubt that the condition of the workman today is better than ever before. The workman is no longer regarded as a beast of burden. In this country he is not a slave, but a freeman; he is clothed with the rights of franchise; he respects himself, and he is respected. He is living better than ever before, and society recognizes the fact that he is entitled to a sufficient wage to keep him and his family in comfort. Public sentiment, therefore, has much to do with fixing the wage of the workman, and as our civilization advances wages will necessarily advance.

But for all that there are certain economic laws which govern wages, and which will always govern them. One of these laws is that under normal conditions no man in any craft can get a higher wage than other men in the same craft are willing to work for. It is competition among workmen at last that fixes the price of labor.

This seems to be aptly illustrated in the strike of the street car men in Richmond. They demanded a higher wage, and finally struck because the company refused to give it. It then remained for the company to demonstrate that it was able to obtain other men to operate its cars with the old scale of wages, and it claims that there is no difficulty in obtaining a sufficient number of such men. If that be true, we have no reason to doubt the company's statement. It would appear that the question of labor supply involved in this contest has been settled by the company.

At the outset attempts were made by a few lawless men and boys to prevent the company from running its cars with other than union men, but that attempt was nipped in the bud by the government. Under the protection of a fairly good schedule on all its lines, and the service being rapidly extended in the outlying districts.

Two points, therefore, seem to have been definitely settled. The company can find plenty of motormen and conductors who are willing to work at the old wage, and the government will see to it that the company is not molested in its operations. The struggle has now reached a most interesting phase. The company declares it will not back down, and in truth

we do not see how it can. It has employed a large number of new men, who have been promised permanent work, and it is putting on such men every day and entering into permanent engagements with them. How, then, can it make terms with the strikers and take them back in a body?

On the other hand, "The Opinion," the organ of the strikers, says that "the six hundred men who came out on strike stand as firm to-day as they did the day they stepped off the cars. Not one of them has weakened; there is not one who would accept work with the company on any other conditions than an honorable settlement with the union, or a settlement through arbitration." And there you are.

Now if this were merely a struggle between the strikers and the street car company, the others of us might stand by and watch the merry war, with little concern. But the whole community is more or less involved. Many people, for reasons sufficient to themselves, are denying themselves the use of the street cars, much to their inconvenience. Men who ride on the cars are being spotted, and at least one labor union in the city has adopted a resolution declaring that members "will refuse to purchase from any dealer who patronizes the cars of the Passenger and Power Company."

Other boycotts are threatened, and some of the business men are threatening to organize to resist the boycotters, and so it goes.

Is it possible that the people of Richmond, who are noted for their good sense and conservatism and patriotism, are going to engage in such a Kilkenny cat affair? Let us reflect; let us count the cost; let us have a reckoning with ourselves before we go to tearing ourselves to pieces. This is a critical time in the history of Richmond. We must save ourselves, or we are lost.

Especially would we beg the laboring men of the city to reflect. We have been trying to show that powerful instrumentalities are at work to raise wages, and we are convinced that wages will necessarily increase as civilization advances. But we are equally convinced that the reform is not to come through any form of violence, either brute force or the boycott. As "The Opinion" has so well said, it must come through education.

LAWLESS LIQUOR DEALERS.

Our correspondent from Roanoke says that Rev. R. L. Cauley, a Baptist minister having charge in Floyd county, was attacked on the highway Saturday afternoon by six masked men, badly beaten and left for dead.

The reason for the outrage is thus stated: Several months ago Mr. Cauley was conducting a revival in Floyd, during which several moonshiners sold illicit whiskey around the church. The preacher reported the fact to the United States commissioner and warrants were issued for the arrest of three men concerned. Two of the men afterwards met the preacher in the road and gave him a thrashing. At the term of the United States Supreme Court, held soon after the outrage was committed, both men were fined \$500 and sentenced to one year in the Federal prison at Atlanta. It is now alleged that the assault of Saturday was committed by friends of the moonshiner convicts.

This outrage is enough to stir the righteous men of the Commonwealth of Virginia to indignation. Many liquor dealers in this State have shown an utter contempt of law, and have prejudiced the public all the more against the liquor traffic. In communities where prohibition prevails they sell liquor in violation of the law, and in communities where prohibition does not prevail they sell liquor in violation of the Sunday law. These liquor dealers in Floyd county were manufacturing whiskey contrary to law and were selling it contrary to law, and in selling it at that particular place they were interfering with religious worship—another violation of the law. The preacher did right to report them. He would have been a coward if he had failed to do so. Yet because he discharged his duty as a law-abiding citizen and as a minister of the gospel, he was twice set upon by desperadoes and outrageously beaten. Two of the desperadoes met their deserts, and are now safe in prison, and it is to be hoped that the others will be apprehended and punished as they deserve.

We do not make sweeping charges against all liquor dealers. Some of them conduct their business according to law and with respect to the properties. But others of them are lawless and defiant, and, in the interest of law and order, to say no more, they should in every case be held to a strict account for their misdoings.

POOR LITTLE BRIDES.

An Associated Press dispatch from Chicago says that a lieutenant of the United States navy has disappeared with a charge of bigamy hanging over his head, leaving behind him a deserted bride of two weeks. The deserted woman married him after a courtship of less than a fortnight, which in large part explains the situation.

Several days ago the newspapers generally printed a story from a Northern town in effect that a young man and a young woman met in the postoffice, became infatuated with one another, and were married after an acquaintance of only a few hours, neither knowing anything about the other. The next that we heard of them was that the bride had been compelled to pawn her jewelry with the landlord to pay an expensive hotel bill, which had been run up during the honeymoon.

It is the old story: "Marry in haste and repent at leisure." These two brides are repenting in sackcloth and ashes, but their sacrifice will not have been in vain if other indiscreet young women will take warning from their experience.

THE NEGRO WORKMAN.

In conversation several months ago with a well-to-do colored man he expressed discouragement that there was so much opposition, as he said, to the negro workman. It seemed to him that there was no use in the negro's learning a good trade, as, because of the prejudice against him, as alleged, he could not obtain work.

He was asked if he knew of any good negro workman who was out of a job or who at any prosperous time failed to

get work. He stopped and thought for some time, and said that he knew of no such case, but on the contrary every good negro workman of his acquaintance was always busy if he chose to be.

Much the same statement was made the other day by Booker Washington to a correspondent of the Washington Post. "It is not at all true within our experience," said he, "that the educated negro fails to find work in the South and is driven Northward. On the contrary, the literary colleges find it difficult to supply the demand for teachers, and I am quite positive, so far as our own students are concerned, that those who are trained in industrial pursuits can find instant employment. In fact, the great difficulty is to keep them here during an entire course, because they find opportunities of employment at comparatively high prices long before they are ready for graduation, and the temptation to go out into the world to better themselves is frequently more than they can withstand. The development of the South along industrial lines has become so great that the demand for artisans in all classes of trades is far in excess of the supply."

There is work enough in this country for every trained workman who is willing to labor at a reasonable wage. It seems to us a flat contradiction to say that any citizen, whether he be white or black, is a poorer citizen and a less desirable citizen and puts himself out of commission, so to speak, because he has learned to increase his producing capacity. All true wealth is the product of labor, and the man who can produce most is the man who contributes most to the true wealth of the country. All education, therefore, no matter what sort of education it is, and what sort of a man is educated, which helps a man to increase his producing capacity, must of necessity be of benefit to the man himself and to the country at large.

This proposition is so plain that it does not need to be argued, and it is a complete answer to the fallacious argument that education is hurtful to any man.

Baltimore has a "murder mystery." The victim was one J. Mortimer Johnson. At first it was thought he had committed suicide, but the discovery of supposed blood spots about the house has now inclined many persons to believe that the young man was murdered. Some blood spots found upon an undergarment worn by the deceased's father brings that gentleman's name into distressing connection with the crime—if crime, other than suicide, was committed. It is a most painful case.

The sister of the deceased believes that murder was done, but insists that her father is innocent. Certainly, the testimony so far produced would lead a disinterested person to that conclusion. She has furnished the detectives with the names of two persons, one or both of whom she thinks may have been concerned in the deed. A woman who sometimes visited the house probably is one of these.

The elder Johnson was formerly a City Councilman. His son was found dead in his room on the third floor of his home, while supposed blood stains have been discovered on the matting of the back parlor on the first floor. The inquest is still in progress.

Fifty years is a long time for a man to work for one company. No man could do it unless he were competent and faithful. Colonel J. B. Tree, of this city, has been in the employment of the Western Union Telegraph Company a half a century, and to-day he retires on the honored pension list. Beginning as an operator, Colonel Tree has been line builder, office manager and district and general superintendent, and in all these capacities he has served faithfully and well. In all these years he has not only been faithful to the company, but also to his country, being a good citizen and ever feeling a lively interest in affairs of State. He retires from active service full of years and of honors, and with the respect and admiration of all his associates and of all who have known him as a citizen.

A committee of five leading business men of Baltimore has been appointed to secure information as a preliminary step to forming an organization to secure for that city one or both of the national political conventions of next year.

Any convention going to the Monumental City may be sure of being well housed and hospitably treated. The Fifth Regiment Armory, all things considered, is probably the best auditorium in the country. It is not only very large, but excels in the important matter of acoustics, and the success with which Baltimore handled the great crowds that attended the Saengerfest recently gives earnest of how well it would provide for and entertain a national convention.

In Coosa county, Ala., several arrests have taken place in the prosecution of those who are alleged to have been engaged in carrying on the "peonage system." One of these is a deputy sheriff, L. A. Grogan. He is charged with using the badge of his office to delude negroes into the belief that they had really been arrested for something. Another man named Harrison has been arrested "for faking and trumping up accusations."

We are glad to see that the Alabama authorities are waging a relentless war against these offenders. Their "game" should be broken up and they should be punished severely. Their practices have injured the good name of the State and made the many suffer for the crimes of the few.

A gentleman from Southwest Virginia, who lives near the Kentucky border, and who has seen much of the Kentucky feuds, says that in all such warfare he has never known any depredations upon private property. Families which are at deadly enmity with one another will shoot and shoot to kill when they meet in conflict, but they do not burn the houses of their enemies or destroy their crops or their cattle or any of their possessions.

The Iowa State Republican Convention will meet to-day, and the indications are that it will be unusually well attended. The prospect is that the harmony agreement entered into will be faithfully carried out. However, the tariff revisionists want to control the organization, with the view of stamping as untrue the reports that have gone out to the effect that

the tariff revisionists have "surrendered and permitted the work of the convention to be dictated by politicians of the East."

There are twelve avowed candidates for Governor in North Carolina, and the Wilmington Star asserts that the Carolina paragrapher has his pencil sharpened and is lying in wait for the announcement of the thirteenth.

Twelve cent cotton is not greatly benefiting either the farmer or the manufacturer, but another fellow is roping in the shekles. It's hard to keep the middle man down.

It cannot be claimed that a negro burning is altogether the worst thing Delaware has to endure. The Addicks brand of politics is still there.

One thing about the Delaware lynchings is that they draw bigger crowds than those of other States.

When the merchants tackle the boycott in dead earnest then indeed will come the tug of war.

The Seventy-first Regiment is adding immensely to its reputation as seasoned soldiers in strike campaigns.

The Obrenovitch family was buried without the benefit of a coroner's inquest, but one may be held in time.

A few more days like yesterday and we will all be growling about the dust and the dry spell.

No more June brides this year, but the July specimen is just as sweet and the July groom is just as proud.

Even the New York streets have been watered, by a cloudburst, so it is said.

Ex-Congressman Loud is to be heard on the Postoffice Department scandals.

The Dutch are branching out. They have also captured Newport News.

Manchester people are also getting a little tired of hooding it.

Is the boycott to get to the pulpit?

We guess not.

Oyster Bay again looms up on the map.

The Schwab resignation rumor is on tap again.

King Pete is bound to die young. He has become a cigarette fiend.

Trend of Thought
In Dixie Land

Savannah News: It would be a very good thing if the consular and diplomatic services could be divorced from politics and put on a business footing; if they were not regarded as spoils of political contests, but as useful establishments for the conduct of public business. In that case, it would be an excellent idea to especially educate men for positions under these services. But the idea of college courses for men to hold the domestic consular offices is ahead of the times.

Charlotte News and Courier: The Macon Telegraph notes a fact which doubtless caught the attention of observant readers of the papers last week: It says: "At the term of the grand jury at Wilmington, Del., can discover among the four thousand lynchings only 'a Virginian,' a Kentuckian and a man from Baltimore." Probably the other 3,997 were masks." If the Telegraph will scratch the news agent at Wilmington it will doubtless find a Republican of the first water.

Atlanta Constitution: Happily the recent Iowa Democratic convention can be regarded as a compromise. The platform cast silver into outer darkness, but the nominee seems to be an ardent friend of Colonel Bryan.

Florida Times-Union: A Birmingham paper now declares that young Crawford, the Alabama negro, who recently carried off the honors at Yale, has both Caucasian and Indian blood in his veins. Nothing like drawing the color line close in these little matters.

Louisville Courier-Journal: King Peter's words of servile endearment to the army that murdered his predecessor, but the nominee of a man who is glad he is alive and fears that his license to be alive may be terminated at any moment.

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CHAPTER XVII.

THE TREACHERY OF ROBERT VAIL.

On the afternoon of the second day following the clearance of the Nord from Amoy, by one of those tardy, yet fortunate, incidents which figure quite as often in truth as in fiction, there was brought to the notice of Captain Barrister, of the British frigate War Hawk, still at anchor in the harbor of Amoy, the fact that a vessel, who had slipped out of port early the previous morning, was none other than the notorious pirate craft commanded by Captain Richard Redlaw.

The information came directly from the customs authorities, and indirectly from the skipper of an inbound vessel, who in the early morning had passed and recognized the Vulture.

It is doubtful if the English cruiser would have undertaken any pursuit, however, had it not been for the gale of the succeeding days, the violence of which, it was figured, would surely drive the pirate north and out of her hiding place. This opened up the possibility of alighting her after she should have put about to return, and Captain Barrister ordered the War Hawk under way.

On the very afternoon when the Vulture rounded and resumed her southerly course the British cruiser cleared the northern point of Formosa, and, under a light stretch of canvas, bore away to the east. Their lines were like a comet's, and, that fate or fortune had a hand in their guidance was manifest when from the Vulture's forward deck rang the seaman's stentorian cry:

"Sail ho! Sail ho!"

At the first sound Walton started like a man electrified. Already his aggressive nature was stirred by the altercation with Vail, his mind stimulated to intense activity, and that heroic spirit full possession of him which at times lifts man to valiant deeds and the splendid grandeur of supreme self-sacrifice.

"Get out on deck, both of you, by the way you came! Lose not a moment!" he commanded, fiercely.

There was a look on his face and a ring in his low voice which few would have dared to doubt.

Yet Walton's own movements were speedier even than theirs. With a bound he reached the berth in which Redlaw was lying, and snatched from a stand nearby the crimson scarf which the pirate wore at times about his head.

"Not a sound for your life!" he cried fiercely.

Yet the warning scarce was necessary. Even with the words, and with a dexterity, itself effective, he so wound the garment about Redlaw's head and throat that an outcry was impossible, and secured it fast. Not a little to his surprise, though Redlaw's eyes were burning like globes of fire, he ventured no resistance.

With this accomplished in far less time than it takes to narrate it, Walton darted back to the cabin, and snatched a telescope from a rack on the wall.

"Remain here, both of you!" he cried, addressing Emily. "Be ready to come on deck at an instant's notice."

At that moment, when Walton was looking through the telescope, he saw the pirate ship, and he saw that it was not alone.

"There are no buts! Do what I command!"

Then, while the startled girl shrank from an anxiety that could include even her, he had vanished up the companion stairs.

His delay below had been only brief, and on reaching the deck he saw that the interest awakened by the lookout's cry had served to divert the men's attention from himself. Yet the second mate was hastening aft, and Walton, who had been waiting for him, was opposed, at once took up a line of action on which he already had determined, and which was destined to reveal his bold and chivalrous nature in colors that should dim all the past.

"Where away, Mr. Saggetts?" he roared, with a voice and aspect so arbitrary that it was well calculated to impress the crew with respect for his present frame of mind. "Where away, sir?"

Saggetts instinctively halted at the brief, but not the less wisely, he designedly had met him, resolved that only over his body access should be had to the companion.

"Over the weather grating, sir, hull down," exclaimed Mr. Saggetts.

"Take the glass and see what you make of her," said Walton.

His tone was moderate. That he already had the respect and friendliness of Mr. Saggetts he felt well assured, and he further believed that, with proper influence the men, Mr. Saggetts, who was simple even in his ugliness, was pleased to accept the glass and fall to studying the stranger.

"Like a mere glancing at the scene, meantime."

The day was nearly spent, the sun about two hours from the horizon, with his golden radiance lending a gleaming lustre to the deep blue of the sea. A light wind was blowing from the north-west, strong enough to mangle the water into white caps, yet a tolerable sailing breeze.

The Vulture was bearing due south, under lower and head sails only, with her weather quarter and a dozen miles away to the southwest, the frigate, under courses and topsails, had fairly broken the horizon. These conditions, if maintained, would soon bring the vessels in close company.

Aboard the Vulture, gathered on the forecastle deck and along the weather rail, a score of swarthy visaged men, stout watching the distant sail, their faces grim and doubtful, their appearance desperate and repulsive beyond description. But for them Walton at present had no eye.

"What do you make of her?" he demanded of Mr. Saggetts.

"The mate lowered his glass and looked up with evident misgivings.

"I'm not certain," he replied, passing up the instrument. "See for yourself."

"She's square rigged."

"Pore God, sir, I reckon she's the frigate we left in Amoy!"

"Not the War Hawk?" growled Walton, with an admirable display of ugly apprehension.

"Aye, sir, and if she be—say, sir, where in—Redlaw's? His eyes are better'n—"

Walton lowered the glass, venting a mingled growl and oath that caught the other's brow.

"Redlaw be a—d—!" he cried, angrily, under his breath. "He's in his berth, as drunk as a beast! Pore heaven, it's all a man's life's worth to cross him when he's in liquor!"

It was desperate case to take, but the startled look in Saggetts' eyes, and his inimitable response told him it had been well taken.

"By G—d, that's so! Drunk again, d'ye say?"

"No drunk he can't move—and has been for hours," cried Walton, with a fierce display of ugly resentment. "Twill be so, too, along as these infernal women are about. D—n a woman on a ship, anyway! I say, Saggetts, back me up against the men, will you? I'll not forget it, mind that! If yonder craft is indeed the War Hawk, the safety of the Vulture falls on you. You'll stand by me, eh?"

The appeal, and the fraternal way it was

made, pleased Mr. Saggetts. With no suspicion of his duplicity, he impulsively grabbed Walton's hand in his own huge grasp, and exulted in the joint crack.

"Stand by you, mate?" he growled, with a ferocious glare of mingled reason and delight. "Aye, sir, I will! I'll break the d—d head of the first man that orders me to stand by you, eh? By G—d, you'll see!"

"Thankes, Saggetts," said Walton, heartily, scarce able to hide his secret exultation. "I'll not forget me, mate, mind that! If need be, let the men know just how things stand. I'll do my duty by 'em, if they—"

"To h—l with the men!" the profane seaman ejaculated. "They're no good. They'll do as we say, or God help 'em! What d'ye make of her now?"

"We've made a mistake!" he cried, hurriedly, quickly drawing the seaman to one side. "We should have bore away north. I thought the Vulture could outrun yonder cursed craft! But we can fool her yet—and better ourselves in the bargain!"

"This was not what Saggetts had expected, and his change of countenance showed it.

"Better ourselves?" he cried, eagerly.

"How so?"

"By riding ourselves of these d—d women, and so forcing the captain to be a man and not a fool. He'll be no good while they're aboard, and you know it, as I. I'll drop 'em over the side in one of the boats, the frigate'll stand off to pick 'em up, which'll let us away in the coming darkness!"

"While they are aboard—"

"But Redlaw'll raze like—"

"Damn Redlaw!" Walton passionately interrupted. "We'll swear 'twas the only way to save the ship, and you know it, as I, and won't be while they're here! I'll take all the blame, and—"

"D—n 'em, set 'em afloat!" roared one of the men, many of whom had overheard and were impulsively favoring the scheme to restore Redlaw to himself.

"Aye, aye, over with 'em!" cried others.

"It's a good way! To h—l with a cap'n goes daff for a woman! Set 'em afloat!"

Walton struck while the iron was hot. "Get a boat under the port rail aft!" he roared, half wild with sudden suppressed eagerness. "Two oars, and row! Heave! After there, Logan! Order Vail to bring those d—d females up on deck! Lively, every man of you!"

At the same moment, rolling deep and heavy over the evening sea, and incidentally augmenting the readiness of the excited pirates to adopt the double measure suggested, there sounded the resonant boom of one of the frigate's guns.

(To be continued to-morrow.)

Summer Rest.

Editor of The Times-Dispatch: